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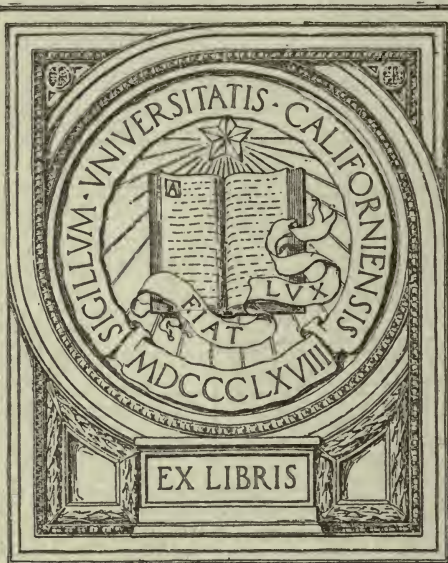
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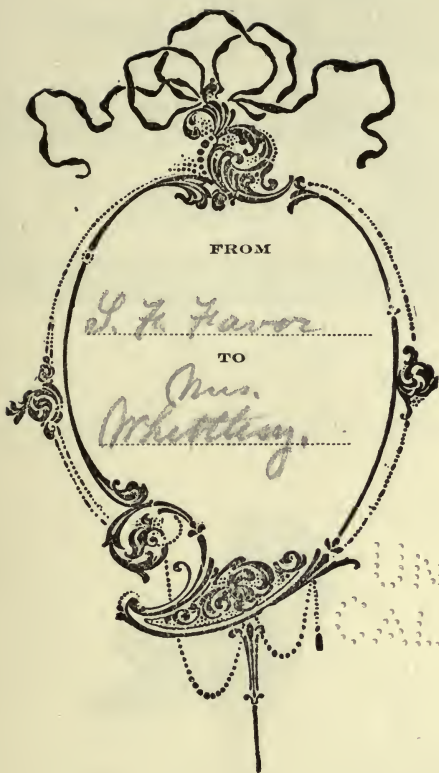




OAKLAND



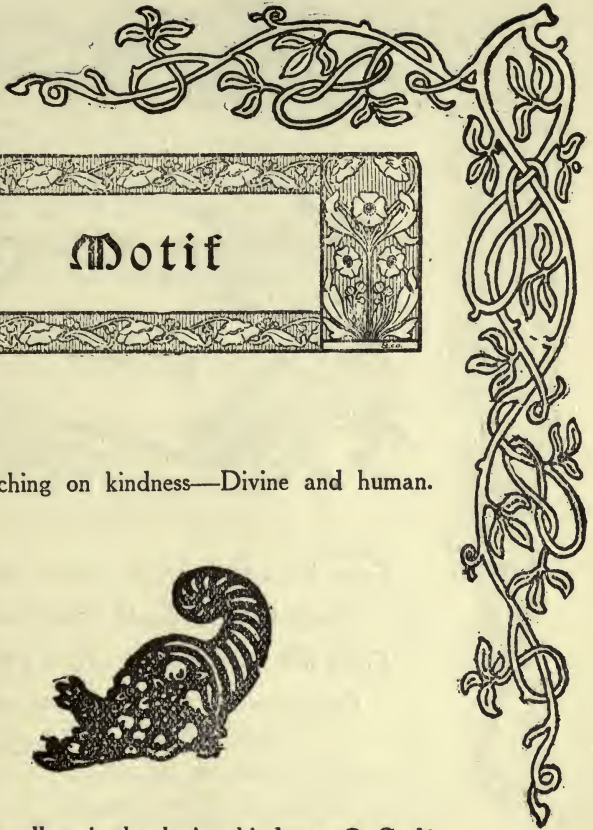
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GIVE the gem that dims the noon
To the noblest or to none.
—EMERSON

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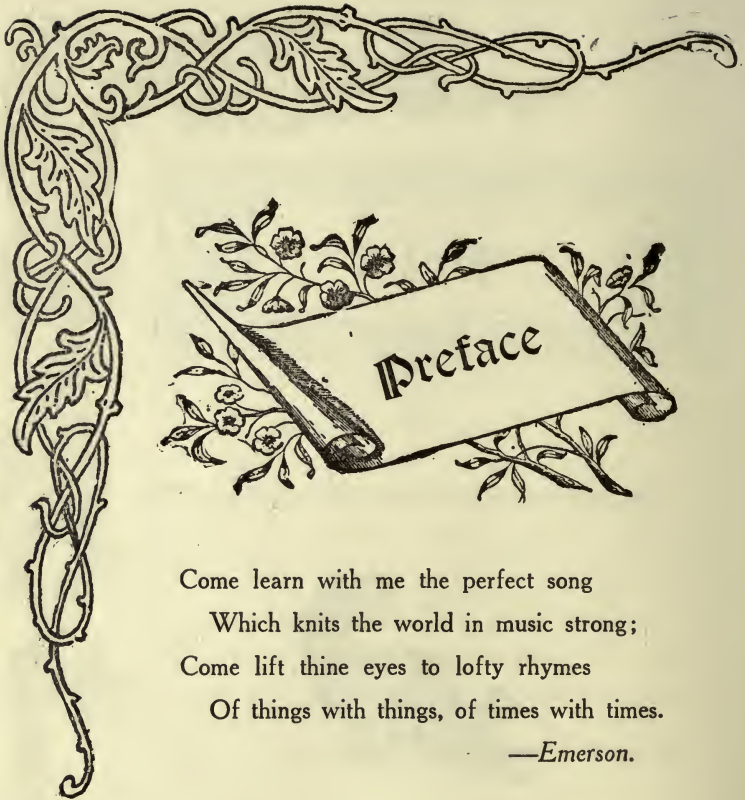


As touching on kindness—Divine and human.



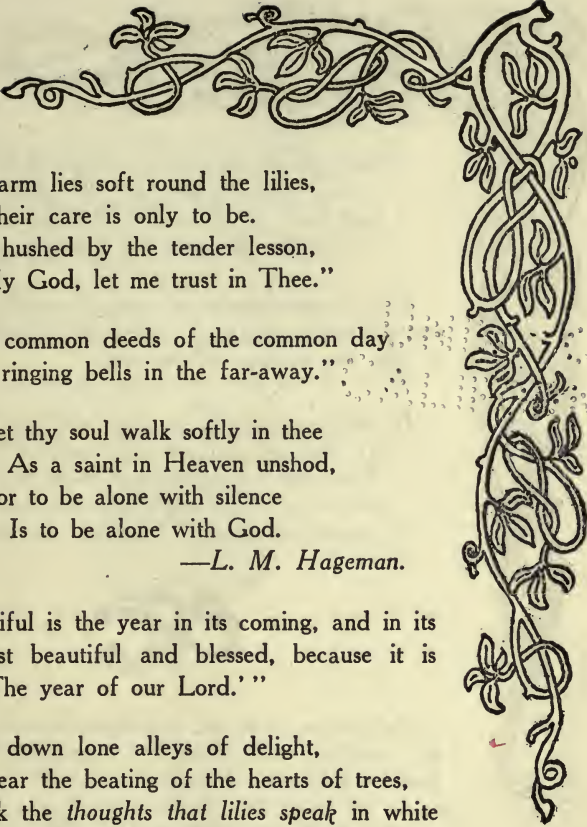
How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God!
therefore the children of men put their trust under
the shadow of thy wings.—Ps. xxxiv:7.

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Come learn with me the perfect song
Which knits the world in music strong;
Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes
Of things with things, of times with times.

—*Emerson.*



“His arm lies soft round the lilies,
Their care is only to be.
Ah, hushed by the tender lesson,
My God, let me trust in Thee.”

“The common deeds of the common day,
Are ringing bells in the far-away.”

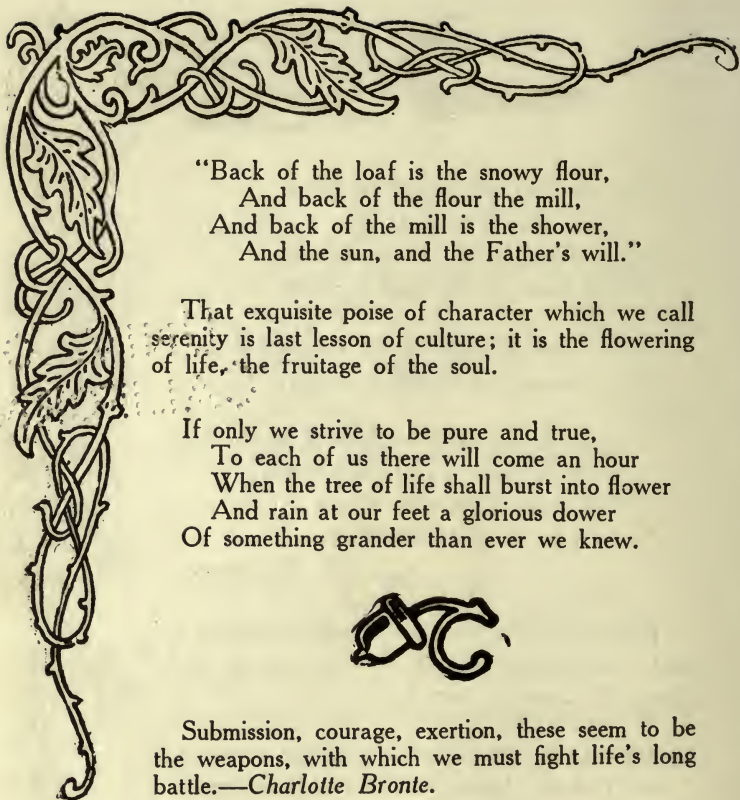
Let thy soul walk softly in thee
As a saint in Heaven unshod,
For to be alone with silence
Is to be alone with God.

—*L. M. Hageman.*

“Beautiful is the year in its coming, and in its
going most beautiful and blessed, because it is
always ‘The year of our Lord.’ ”

To loiter down lone alleys of delight,
And hear the beating of the hearts of trees,
And think the *thoughts that lilies speak* in white
By greenwood pools and pleasant passages.

—*Sidney Lanier.*



“Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill,
And back of the mill is the shower,
And the sun, and the Father’s will.”

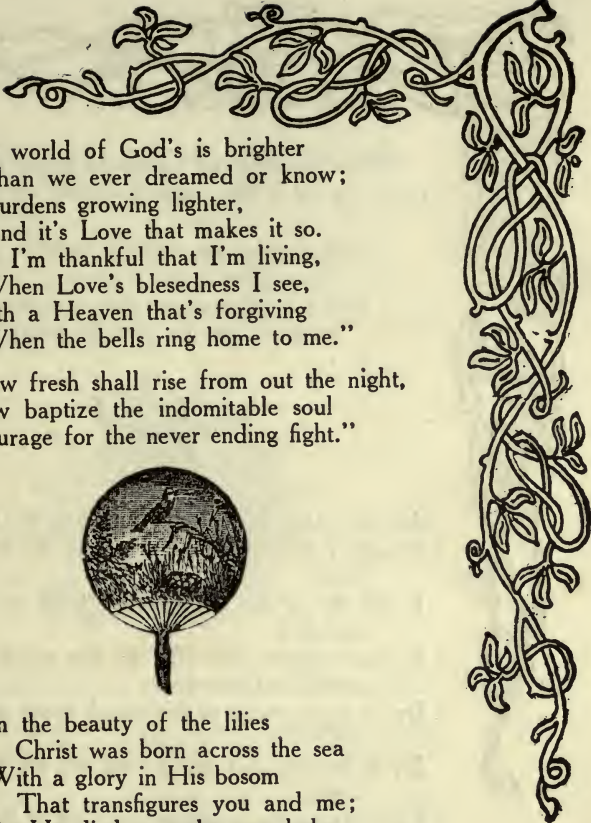
That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

If only we strive to be pure and true,
To each of us there will come an hour
When the tree of life shall burst into flower
And rain at our feet a glorious dower
Of something grander than ever we knew.



Submission, courage, exertion, these seem to be the weapons, with which we must fight life’s long battle.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sidney.*

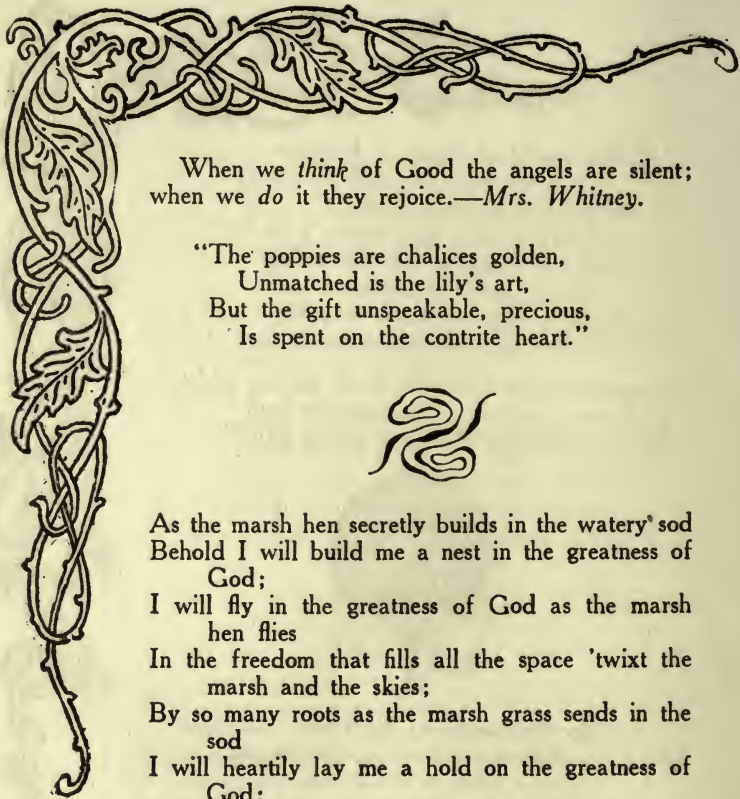


“This world of God’s is brighter
Than we ever dreamed or know;
Its burdens growing lighter,
And it’s Love that makes it so.
And I’m thankful that I’m living,
When Love’s blessedness I see,
’Neath a Heaven that’s forgiving
When the bells ring home to me.”

“Tomorrow fresh shall rise from out the night,
And new baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for the never ending fight.”



In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy
Let me die to make men free.
—*Julia Ward Howe.*



When we *think* of Good the angels are silent;
when we *do* it they rejoice.—*Mrs. Whitney.*

“The poppies are chalices golden,
Unmatched is the lily’s art,
But the gift unspeakable, precious,
Is spent on the contrite heart.”



As the marsh hen secretly builds in the watery^s sod
Behold I will build me a nest in the greatness of
God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh
hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space ’twixt the
marsh and the skies;
By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the
sod
I will heartily lay me a hold on the greatness of
God;
Oh! like to the greatness of God is the greatness
within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of
Glynn.
—*Sidney Lanier.*

Death is a sleep—through Christ we wake,
Escape this world of strife;
The garment of salvation take,
And reign in endless life.

—*W. W. Case.*

✓ No one performs an act of kindness, but plants
a flower in his own heart.

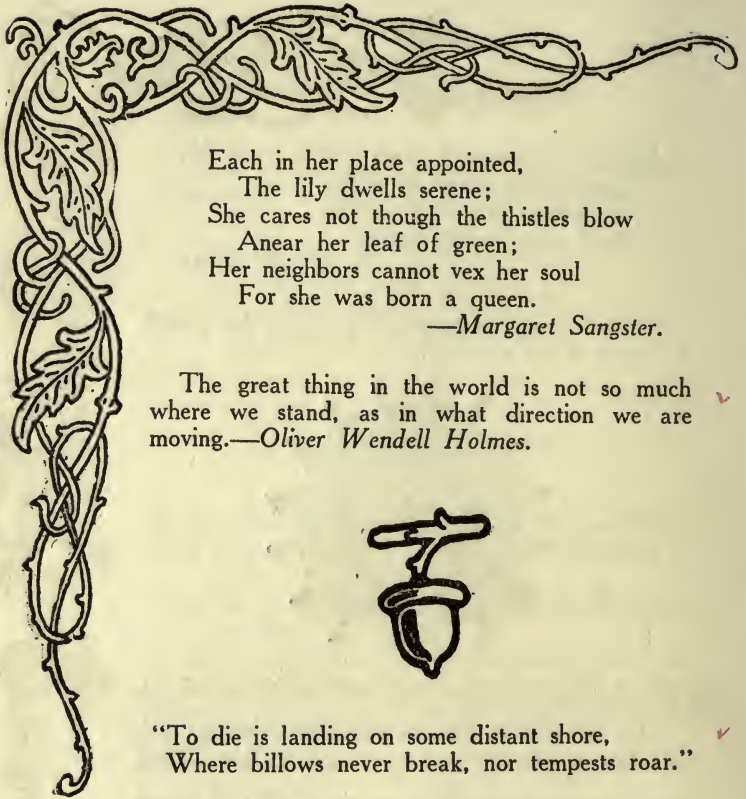


The faithful Christian never outlives his usefulness.

Do not clamor for spiritual confectionery; cultivate a taste for the sincere milk of the Word.

Happiness generally shuns the abodes of grandeur, and takes up her dwelling with the humble poor.

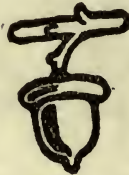
—*W. W. Case.*



Each in her place appointed,
The lily dwells serene;
She cares not though the thistles blow
Anear her leaf of green;
Her neighbors cannot vex her soul
For she was born a queen.

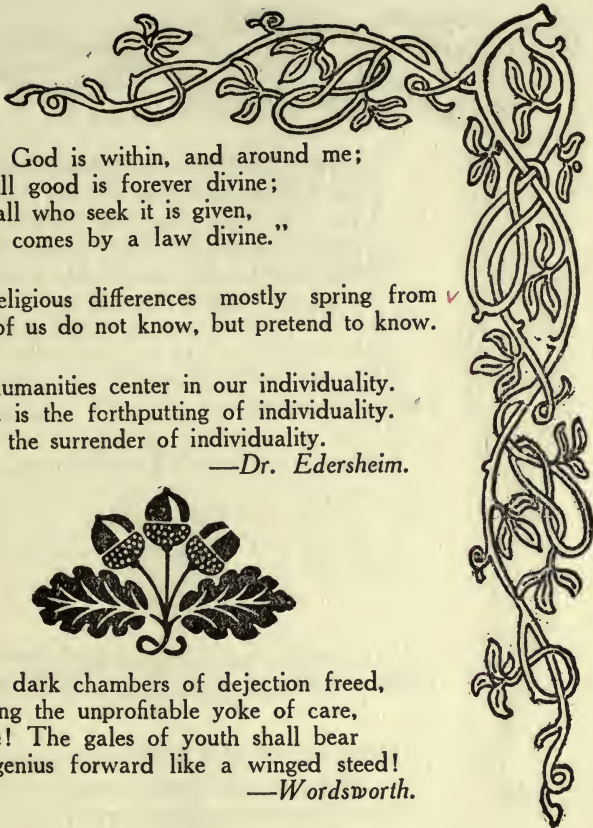
—Margaret Sangster.

The great thing in the world is not so much
where we stand, as in what direction we are
moving.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



“To die is landing on some distant shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar.”

“Let your souls lie down upon His sweet will,
as your bodies lie down at night. Relax every
strain and lay off every burden.”



“And God is within, and around me;
All good is forever divine;
To all who seek it is given,
It comes by a law divine.”


Our religious differences mostly spring from what all of us do not know, but pretend to know.

All our humanities center in our individuality.
All virtue is the forthputting of individuality.
All sin is the surrender of individuality.
—*Dr. Edersheim.*



From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, rise! The gales of youth shall bear
Thy genius forward like a winged steed!
—*Wordsworth.*

“Heaven is not deaf but when man’s heart is dumb.”



“I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good and kind
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
To me the thing I long for so.”

What we call disappointments are only not
God's appointments.

Trials are God's veiled angels to us.

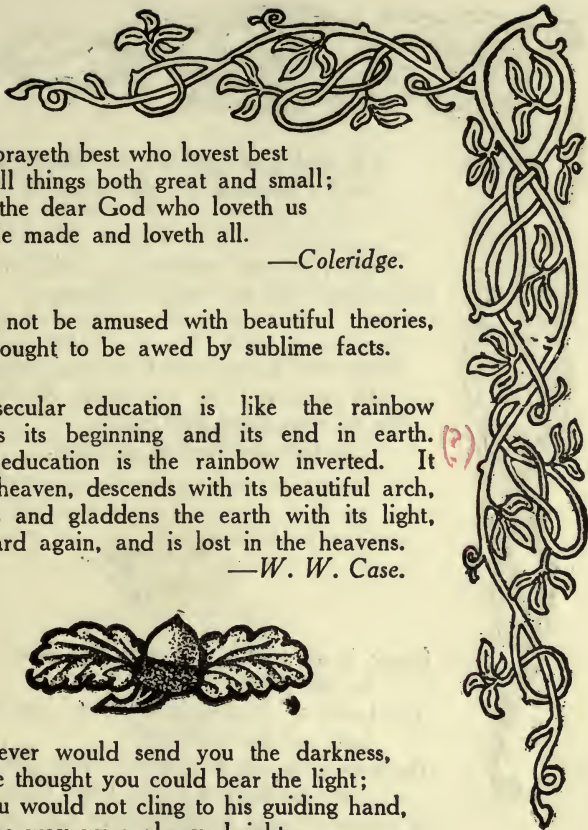


A Christian is like a diamond, flashing many
colors in the light of the Son of Righteousness.

These are the four stages:

Sine timore et sine amore;
Cum timore et sine amore;
Cum timore et cum amore;
Sine timore et cum amore.

—*Alfred Edersheim, D. D.*



He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

—Coleridge.

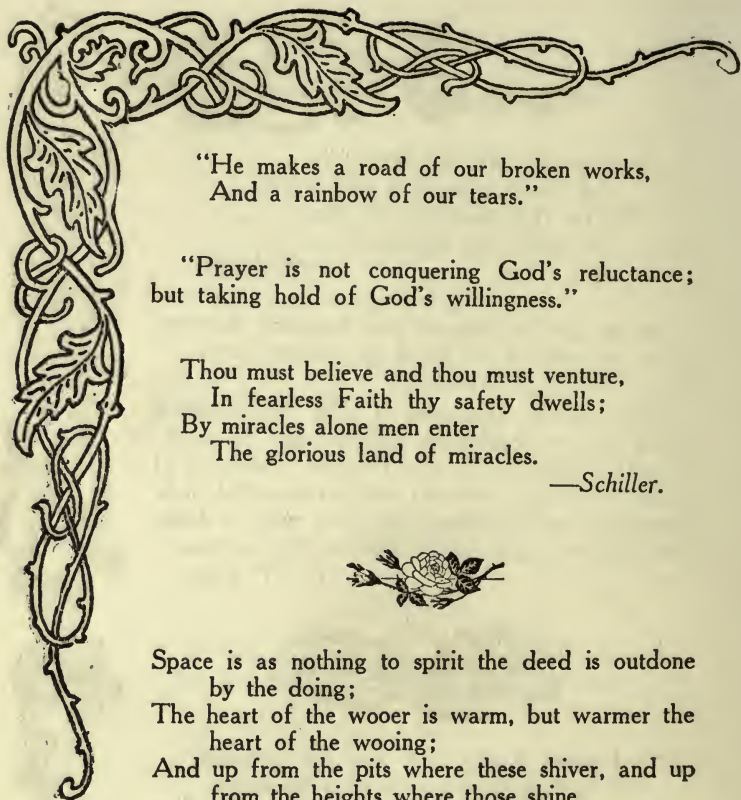
Let us not be amused with beautiful theories,
when we ought to be awed by sublime facts.

Mere secular education is like the rainbow
which has its beginning and its end in earth. (P)
Christian education is the rainbow inverted. It
begins in heaven, descends with its beautiful arch,
illuminates and gladdens the earth with its light,
rises upward again, and is lost in the heavens.

—W. W. Case.



God never would send you the darkness,
If he thought you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to his guiding hand,
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.



“He makes a road of our broken works,
And a rainbow of our tears.”

“Prayer is not conquering God’s reluctance;
but taking hold of God’s willingness.”

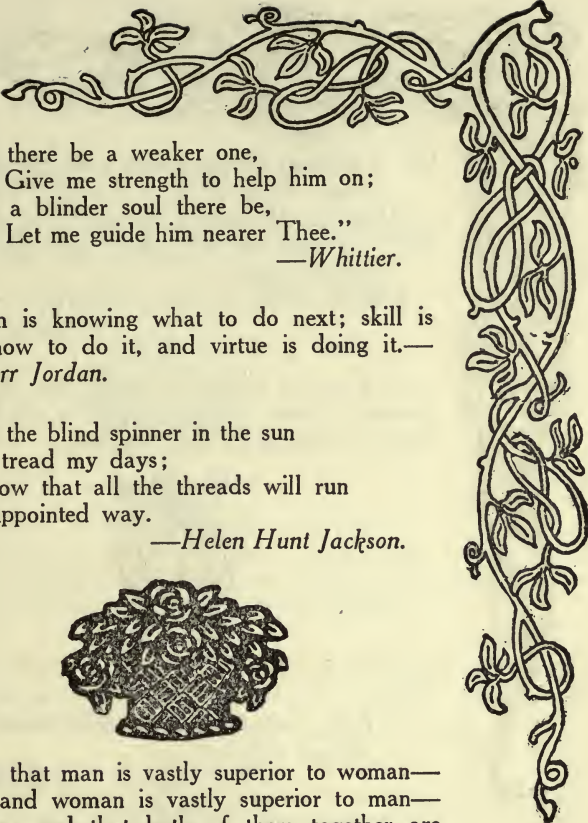
Thou must believe and thou must venture,
In fearless Faith thy safety dwells;
By miracles alone men enter
The glorious land of miracles.

—*Schiller.*



Space is as nothing to spirit the deed is outdone
by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the
heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up
from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the
essence of life is divine.

—*Richard Realf.*

A decorative illustration of a vine with leaves and flowers, running horizontally across the top and vertically down the right side of the page.

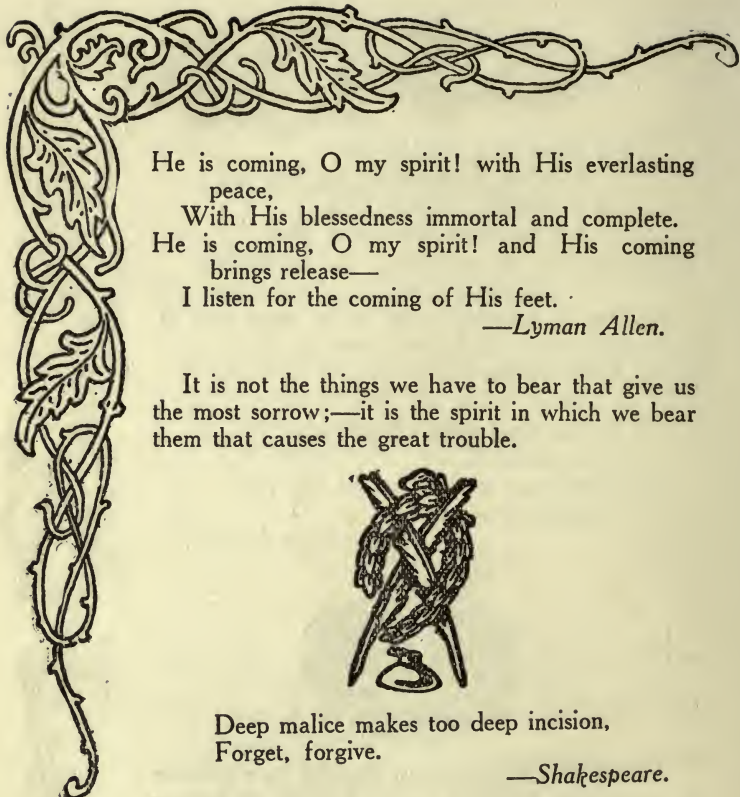
“If there be a weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.”
—Whittier.

Wisdom is knowing what to do next; skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it.—
David Starr Jordan.

Like the blind spinner in the sun
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed way.
—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*



I think that man is vastly superior to woman—
as man; and woman is vastly superior to man—
as woman; and that both of them together are
more than a match for either of them separately.
—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



He is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting
peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete.
He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming
brings release—
I listen for the coming of His feet.

—*Lyman Allen.*


It is not the things we have to bear that give us
the most sorrow;—it is the spirit in which we bear
them that causes the great trouble.



Deep malice makes too deep incision,
Forget, forgive.

—*Shakespeare.*

✓ “Life my be lived with so fine a grace,
That the music of life is interpreted
In the lines of a wrinkled face.”



And the love my heart would speak,
I fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

—*Ina Coolbrith.*

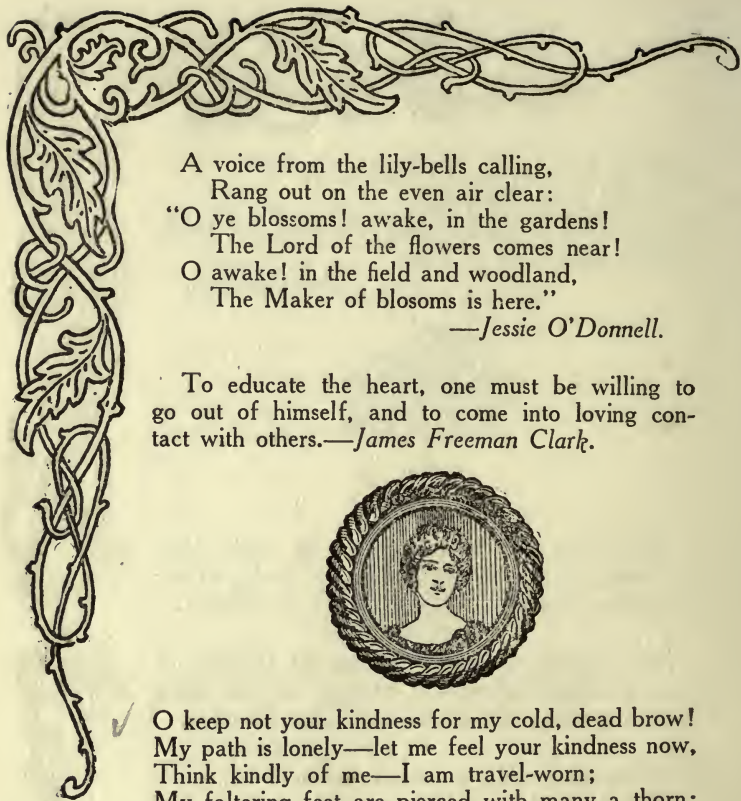


When one errs from ignorance he merits pity;
but when he errs wilfully let us be sparing in our
reproaches, for all men have human sensibilities.

The reading of novels confines the thoughts of
men to things below; the perusal of the Bible
raises them to things above.—*William Downey.*

O, weep no more! yet there is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm.

—*Gerald Massey.*



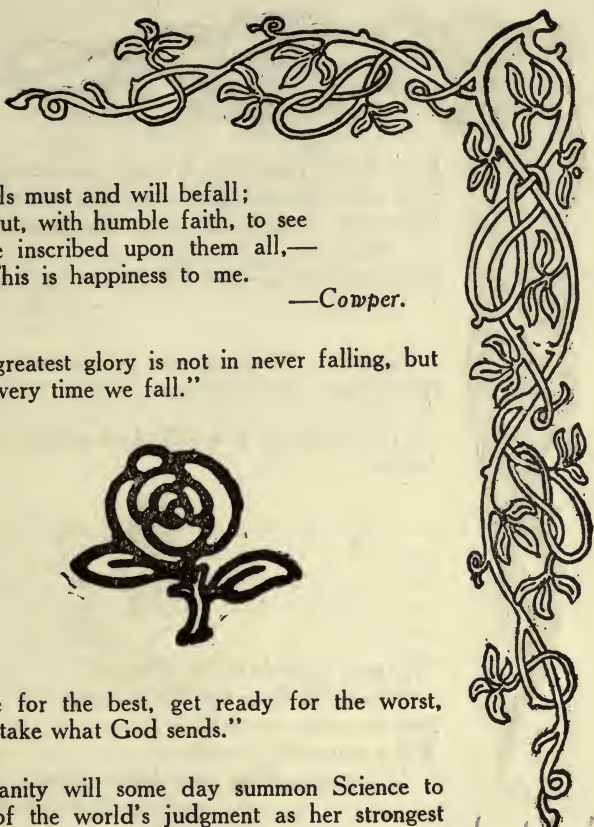
A voice from the lily-bells calling,
Rang out on the even air clear:
"O ye blossoms! awake, in the gardens!
The Lord of the flowers comes near!
O awake! in the field and woodland,
The Maker of blossoms is here."

—*Jessie O'Donnell.*

To educate the heart, one must be willing to go out of himself, and to come into loving contact with others.—*James Freeman Clark.*



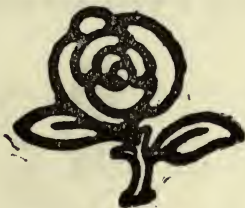
O keep not your kindness for my cold, dead brow!
My path is lonely—let me feel your kindness now,
Think kindly of me—I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
For friendship and for love I plead—
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The sympathy for which I long to-day,
To give some brightness to my weary way.



Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

—Cowper.

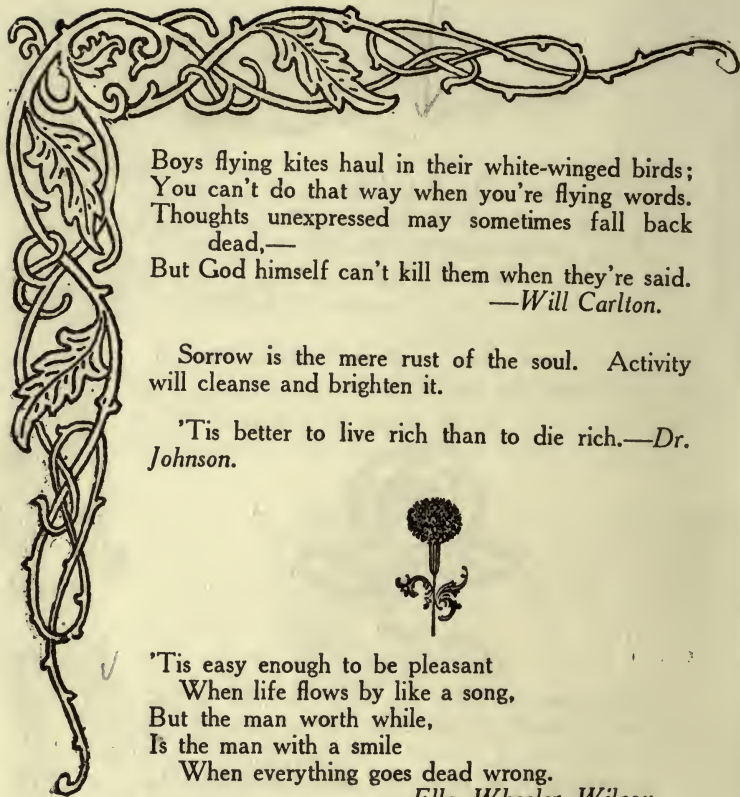
“Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but
in rising every time we fall.”



“Hope for the best, get ready for the worst,
and then take what God sends.”

Christianity will some day summon Science to
the bar of the world's judgment as her strongest
witness and most hopeful ally.—Spurgeon.

ha! ha!



Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back
dead,—

But God himself can't kill them when they're said.
—*Will Carlton.*

Sorrow is the mere rust of the soul. Activity
will cleanse and brighten it.

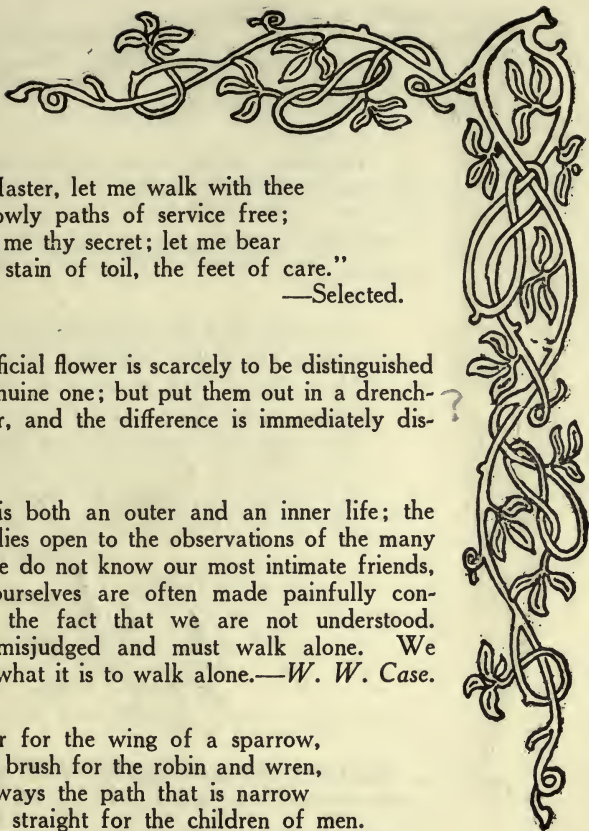
'Tis better to live rich than to die rich.—*Dr.
Johnson.*



'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while,
Is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

“Try to be too strong for worry, too noble for
anger, and too brave for fear.”

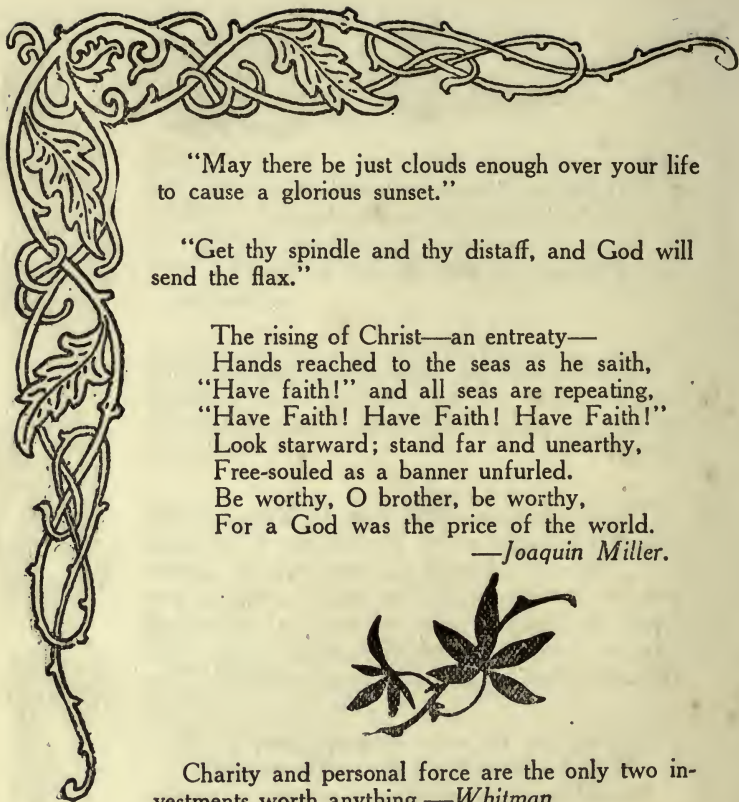


“O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; let me bear
The stain of toil, the feet of care.”
—Selected.

An artificial flower is scarcely to be distinguished from a genuine one; but put them out in a drenching shower, and the difference is immediately discerned.

There is both an outer and an inner life; the outer life lies open to the observations of the many We do not know our most intimate friends, and we ourselves are often made painfully conscious of the fact that we are not understood. We are misjudged and must walk alone. We all know what it is to walk alone.—*W. W. Case.*

The air for the wing of a sparrow,
The brush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.
—*Alice Carey.*



“May there be just clouds enough over your life
to cause a glorious sunset.”

“Get thy spindle and thy distaff, and God will
send the flax.”

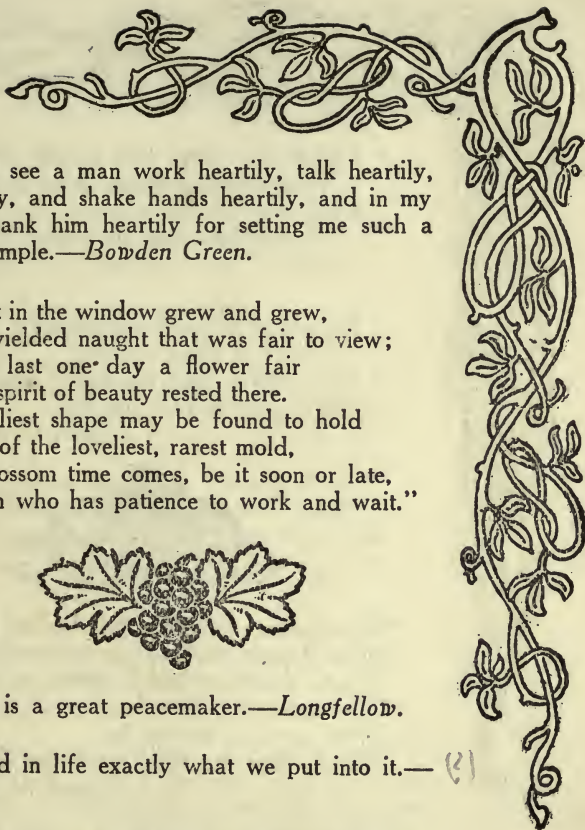
The rising of Christ—an entreaty—
Hands reached to the seas as he saith,
“Have faith!” and all seas are repeating,
“Have Faith! Have Faith! Have Faith!”
Look starward; stand far and unearthy,
Free-souled as a banner unfurled.
Be worthy, O brother, be worthy,
For a God was the price of the world.

—*Joaquin Miller.*



Charity and personal force are the only two in-
vestments worth anything.—*Whitman.*

It is my habit,—I hope I may say my nature—
to believe the best I hear of people, rather than
the worst.—*G. W. Curtis.*



Let me see a man work heartily, talk heartily, eat heartily, and shake hands heartily, and in my heart I thank him heartily for setting me such a hearty example.—*Bowden Green.*

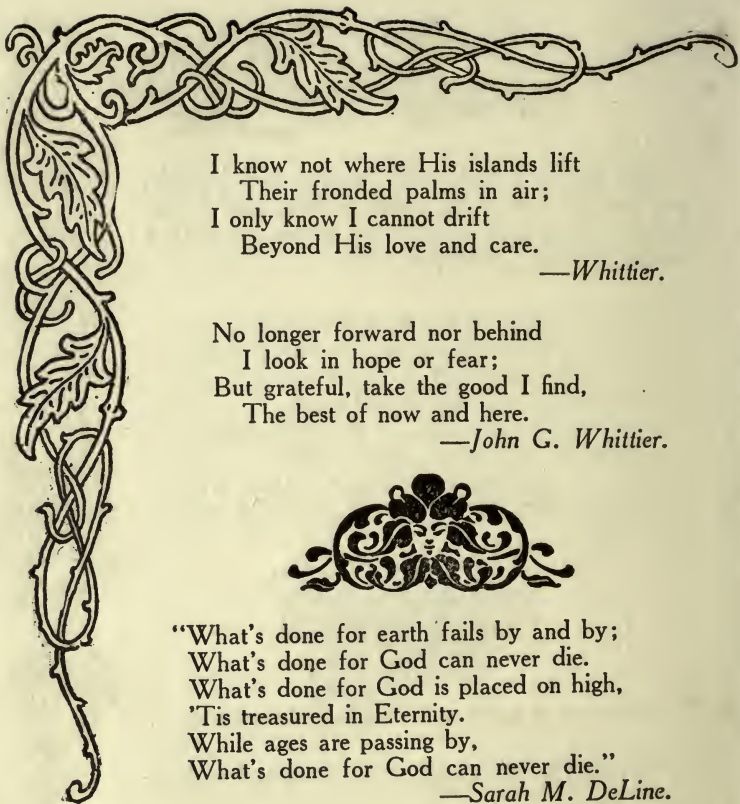
“A plant in the window grew and grew,
But it yielded naught that was fair to view;
Till at last one day a flower fair
Like a spirit of beauty rested there.
The ugliest shape may be found to hold
A soul of the loveliest, rarest mold,
And blossom time comes, be it soon or late,
For him who has patience to work and wait.”



Silence is a great peacemaker.—*Longfellow.*

We find in life exactly what we put into it.— (2)
Emerson.

We must be poor to know the luxury of giving.
—*George Elliot.*



I know not where His islands lift
Their froned palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier.

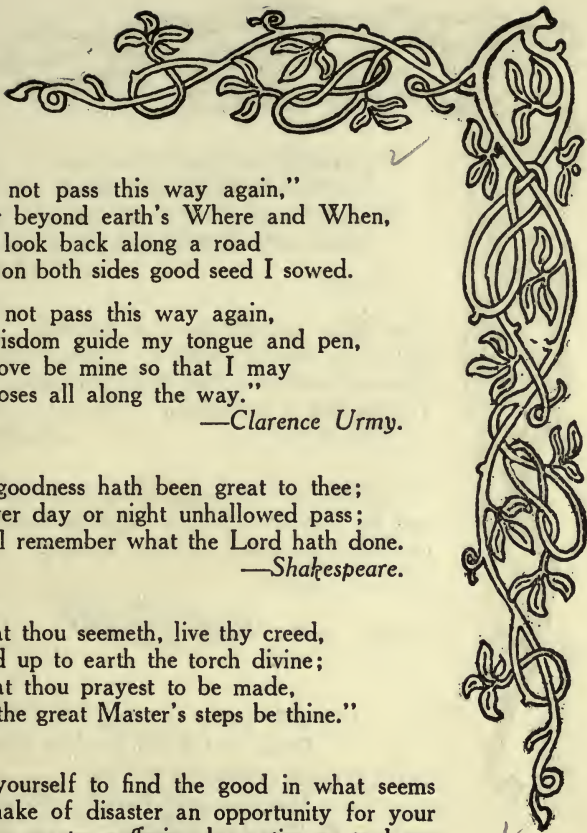
No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

—John G. Whittier.

“What’s done for earth fails by and by;
What’s done for God can never die.
What’s done for God is placed on high,
’Tis treasured in Eternity.
While ages are passing by,
What’s done for God can never die.”

—Sarah M. DeLine.

“Whatever we admire and greatly desire to become, that we in some measure already are.”



"I shall not pass this way again,"
But far beyond earth's Where and When,
May I look back along a road
Where on both sides good seed I sowed.

I shall not pass this way again,
May wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And Love be mine so that I may
"Plant roses all along the way."

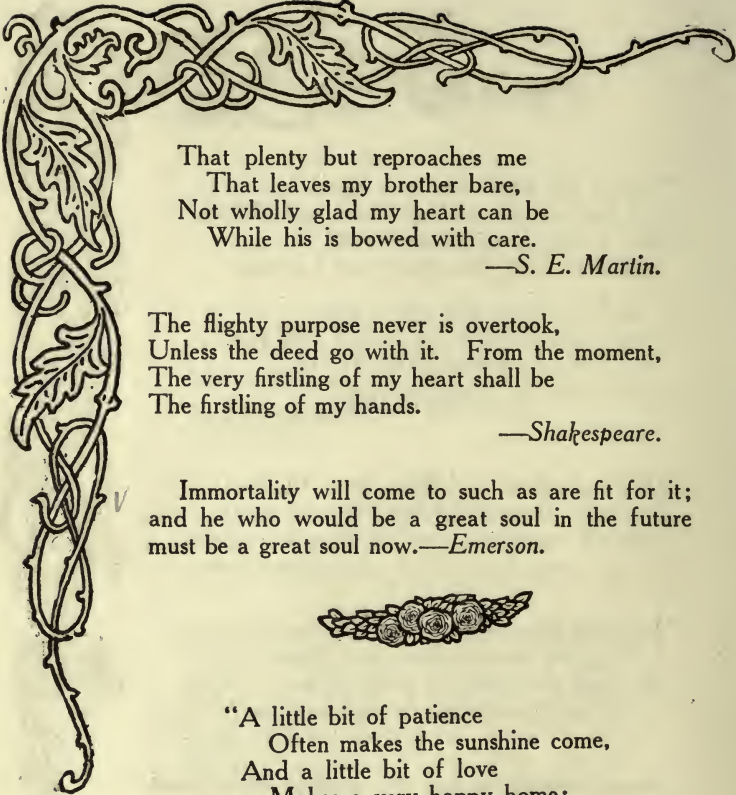
—Clarence Urmy.

God's goodness hath been great to thee;
Let never day or night unhallowed pass;
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

—Shakespeare.

"Be what thou seemeth, live thy creed,
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine."

Train yourself to find the good in what seems
evil; to make of disaster an opportunity for your
courage; to master suffering by patience; to learn
from sorrow sympathy.—G. S. Merriam.



That plenty but reproaches me
That leaves my brother bare,
Not wholly glad my heart can be
While his is bowed with care.

—*S. E. Martin.*

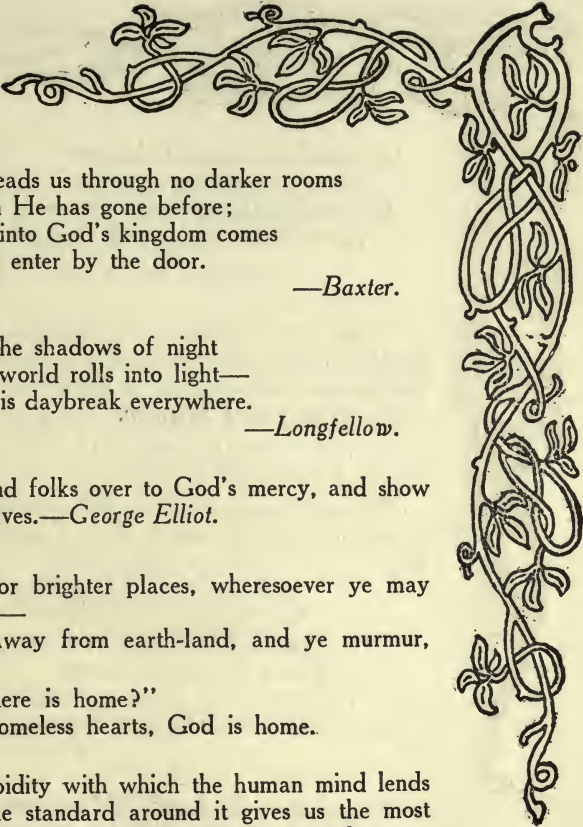
The flighty purpose never is overtook,
Unless the deed go with it. From the moment,
The very firstling of my heart shall be
The firstling of my hands.

—*Shakespeare.*

Immortality will come to such as are fit for it;
and he who would be a great soul in the future
must be a great soul now.—*Emerson.*



“A little bit of patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love
Makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity
Makes glad a weary way.”

A decorative illustration of a vine with leaves and flowers, running horizontally across the top and then vertically down the right side of the page.

Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than He has gone before;
Whoso into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by the door.

—*Baxter.*

All the shadows of night
The world rolls into light—
It is daybreak everywhere.

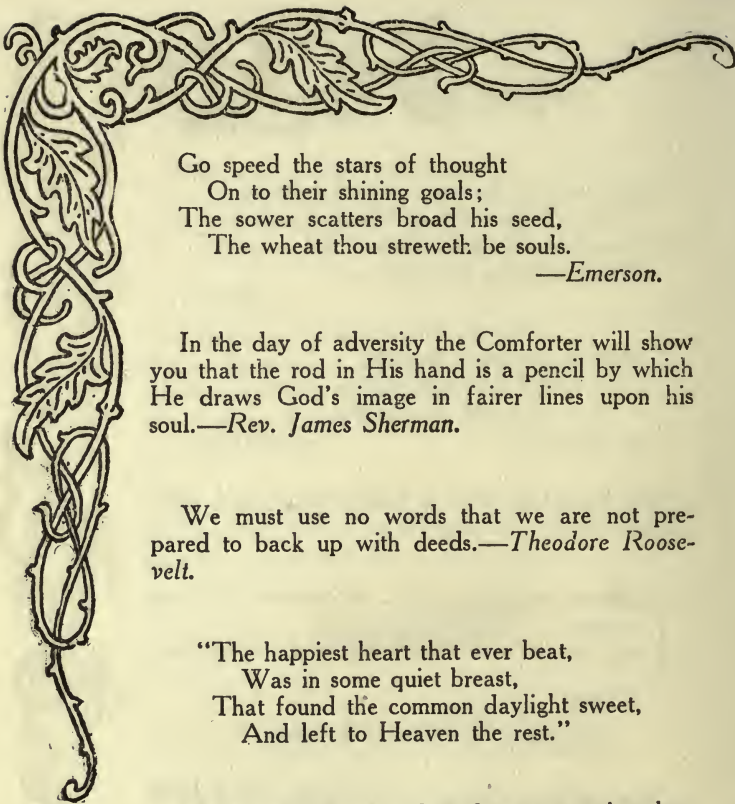
—*Longfellow.*

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show
none ourselves.—*George Elliot.*

In bright or brighter places, wheresoever ye may
roam—
Ye look away from earth-land, and ye murmur,

“Where is home?”
Homeless hearts, God is home.

The rapidity with which the human mind lends
itself to the standard around it gives us the most
pertinent warning as to the company we keep.—
Lowell.



Go speed the stars of thought
On to their shining goals;
The sower scatters broad his seed,
The wheat thou streweth: be souls.

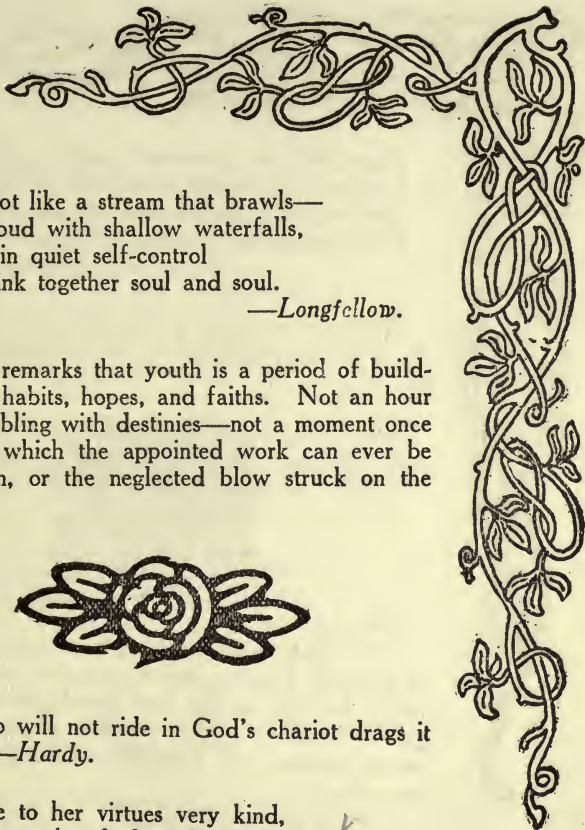
—*Emerson.*

In the day of adversity the Comforter will show you that the rod in His hand is a pencil by which He draws God's image in fairer lines upon his soul.—*Rev. James Sherman.*

We must use no words that we are not prepared to back up with deeds.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

“The happiest heart that ever beat,
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.”

Christ came, lived and died to woo us into harmony with the Father.—*Bishop Hughes.*



Be not like a stream that brawls—
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul.

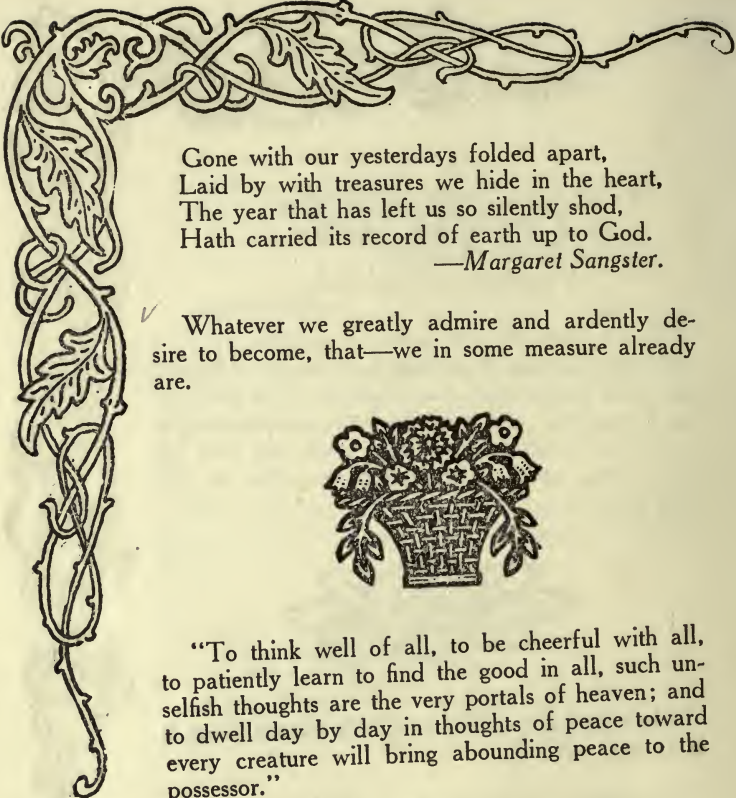
—*Longfellow.*

Ruskin remarks that youth is a period of building up, in habits, hopes, and faiths. Not an hour but is trembling with destinies—not a moment once passed of which the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron.



He who will not ride in God's chariot drags it in chains.—*Hardy.*

“Be to her virtues very kind,
But to her faults a little blind.”



Gone with our yesterdays folded apart,
Laid by with treasures we hide in the heart,
The year that has left us so silently shod,
Hath carried its record of earth up to God.

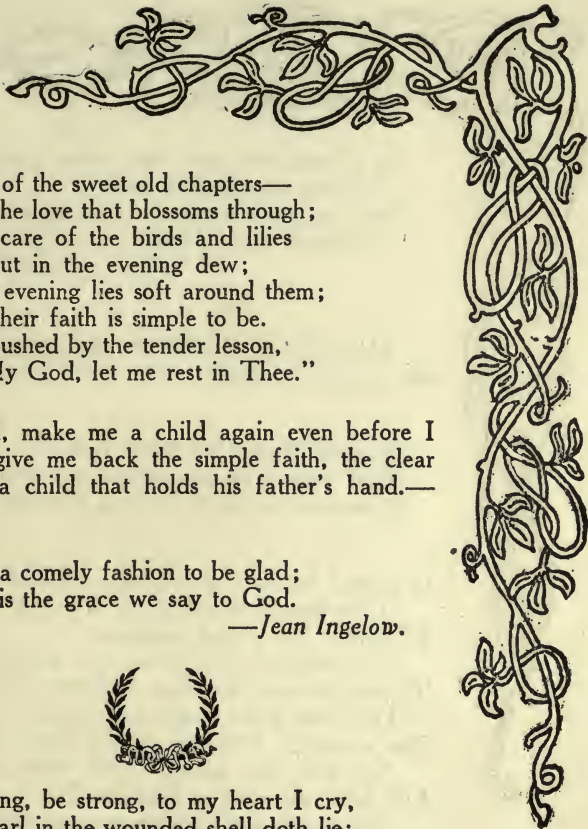
—Margaret Sangster.

✓ Whatever we greatly admire and ardently desire to become, that—we in some measure already are.



“To think well of all, to be cheerful with all, to patiently learn to find the good in all, such unselfish thoughts are the very portals of heaven; and to dwell day by day in thoughts of peace toward every creature will bring abounding peace to the possessor.”

God plants us where we grow,—
Helps us to turn disaster to account.
—Browning.



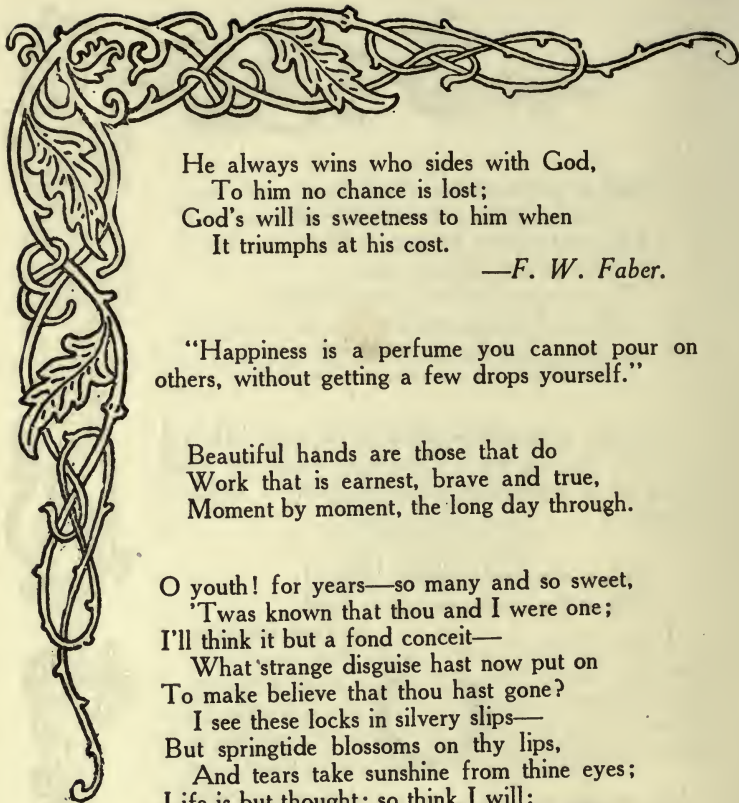
“One of the sweet old chapters—
The love that blossoms through;
His care of the birds and lilies
Out in the evening dew;
The evening lies soft around them;
Their faith is simple to be.
O, hushed by the tender lesson,
My God, let me rest in Thee.”

O God, make me a child again even before I
die, and give me back the simple faith, the clear
vision of a child that holds his father's hand.—
Heine.

It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God.
—*Jean Ingelow.*



“Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,
The pearl in the wounded shell doth lie;
Days of sunshine are given to all
Though into each heart some rain must fall.”



He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetness to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

—*F. W. Faber.*

“Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on
others, without getting a few drops yourself.”

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

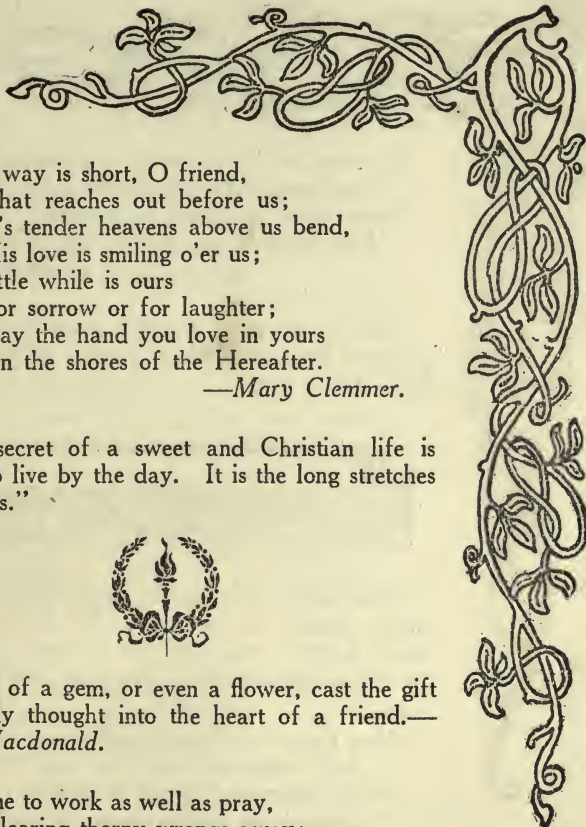
O youth! for years—so many and so sweet,
'Twas known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—

What 'strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou hast gone?

I see these locks in silvery slips—
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes;
Life is but thought; so think I will:

That youth and I are house-mates still.

—*Coleridge.*



The way is short, O friend,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
His love is smiling o'er us;
A little while is ours
For sorrow or for laughter;
I'll lay the hand you love in yours
On the shores of the Hereafter.

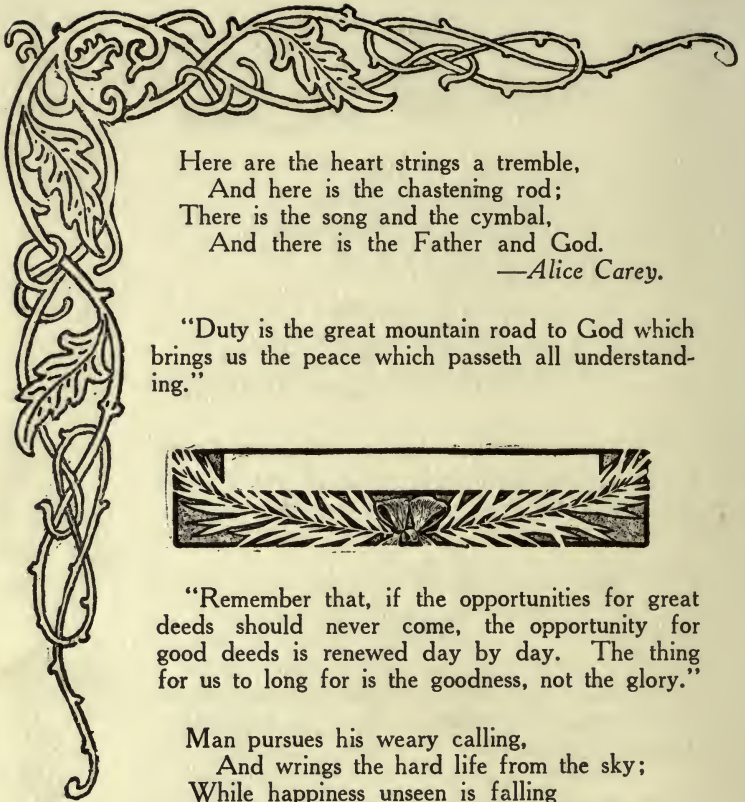
—*Mary Clemmer.*

“The secret of a sweet and Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us.”



Instead of a gem, or even a flower, cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend.—
George Macdonald.

“Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting Heaven's warm sunshine in.”



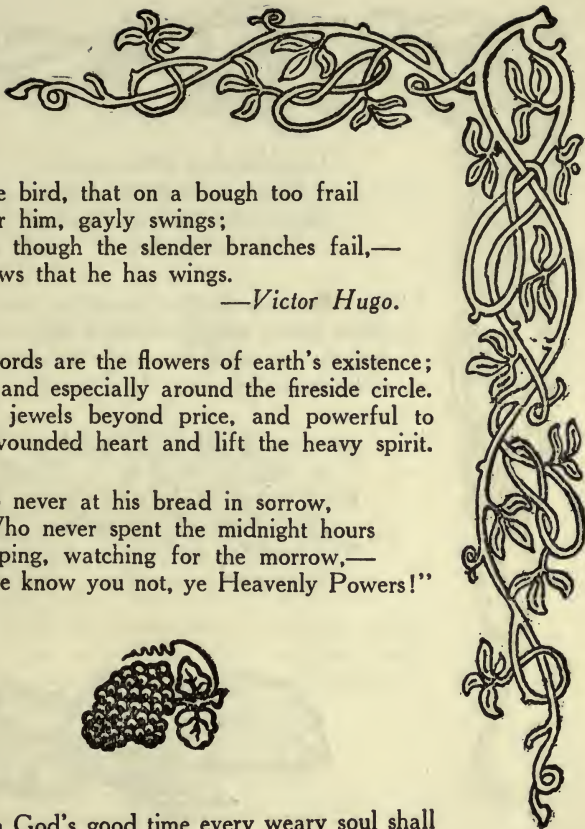
Here are the heart strings a tremble,
And here is the chastening rod;
There is the song and the cymbal,
And there is the Father and God.
—Alice Carey.

“Duty is the great mountain road to God which brings us the peace which passeth all understanding.”



“Remember that, if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.”

Man pursues his weary calling,
And wrings the hard life from the sky;
While happiness unseen is falling
Down from God's bosom silently.
—Schiller.



Be like the bird, that on a bough too frail
To bear him, gayly swings;
He carols, though the slender branches fail,—
He knows that he has wings.

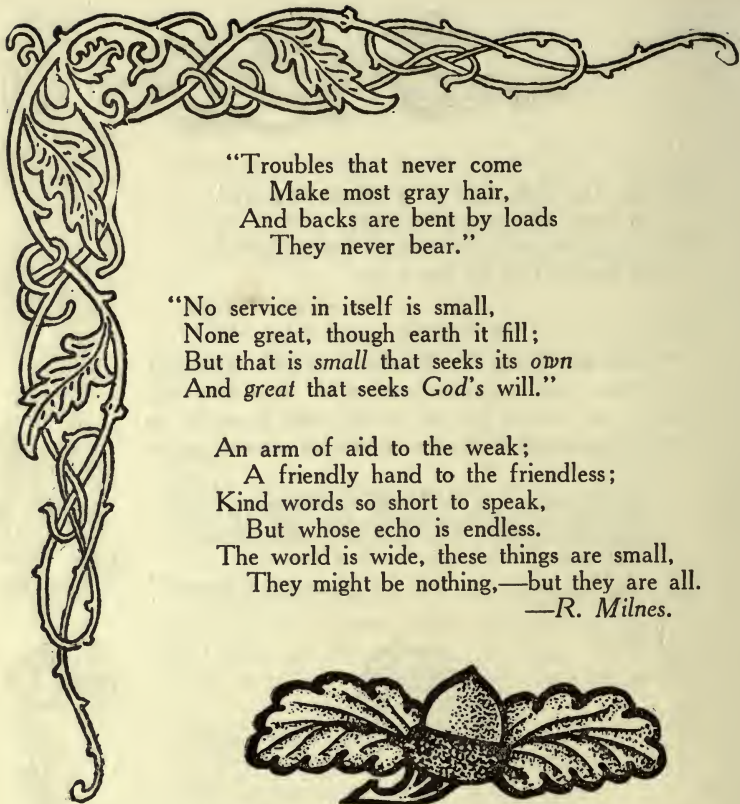
—*Victor Hugo.*

Kind words are the flowers of earth's existence;
use them, and especially around the fireside circle.
They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to
heal the wounded heart and lift the heavy spirit.

“Who never at his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the midnight hours
Weeping, watching for the morrow,—
He know you not, ye Heavenly Powers!”



“But in God's good time every weary soul shall
be rested.”—*M. E. F.*



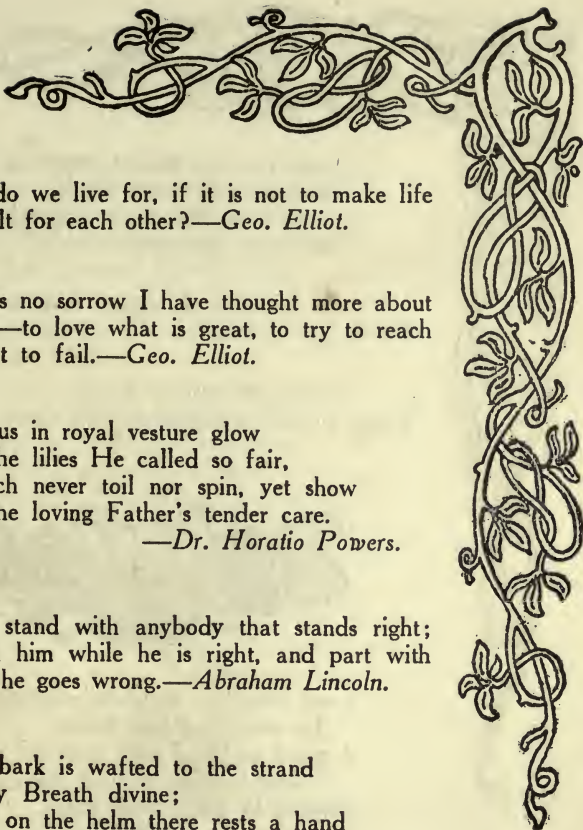
“Troubles that never come
Make most gray hair,
And backs are bent by loads
They never bear.”

“No service in itself is small,
None great, though earth it fill;
But that is *small* that seeks its *own*
And *great* that seeks *God's* will.”

An arm of aid to the weak;
A friendly hand to the friendless;
Kind words so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless.
The world is wide, these things are small,
They might be nothing,—but they are all.
—*R. Milnes.*



Our grand business is, not to see what lies
dimly to a distance, but to do what lies clearly
at hand.—*Carlyle.*



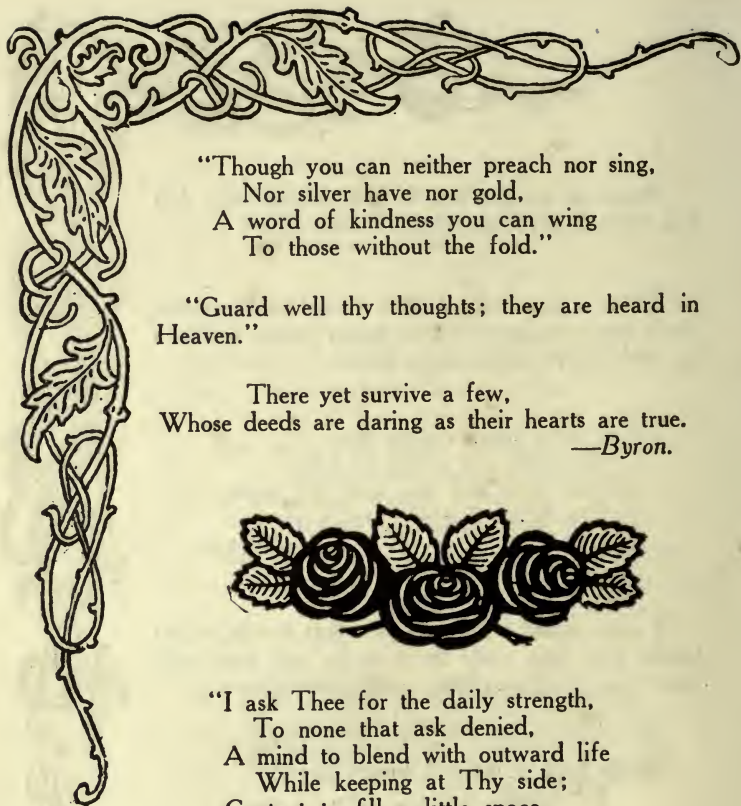
What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?—*Geo. Elliot.*

There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that,—to love what is great, to try to reach it, and yet to fail.—*Geo. Elliot.*

For us in royal vesture glow
The lilies He called so fair,
Which never toil nor spin, yet show
The loving Father's tender care.
—*Dr. Horatio Powers.*

I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"My bark is wafted to the strand
By Breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine."



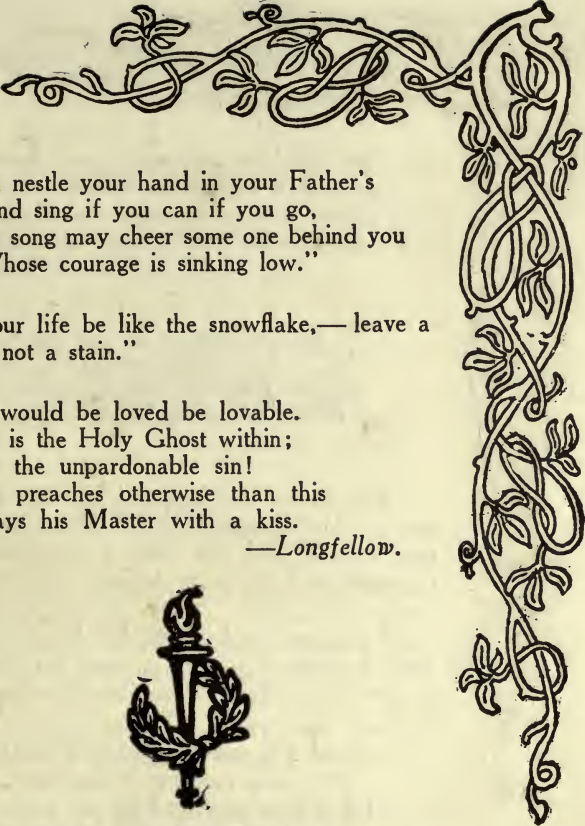
“Though you can neither preach nor sing,
Nor silver have nor gold,
A word of kindness you can wing
To those without the fold.”

“Guard well thy thoughts; they are heard in
Heaven.”

There yet survive a few,
Whose deeds are daring as their hearts are true.
—Byron.



“I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.”
—Church card, Brooklyn, N. Y.



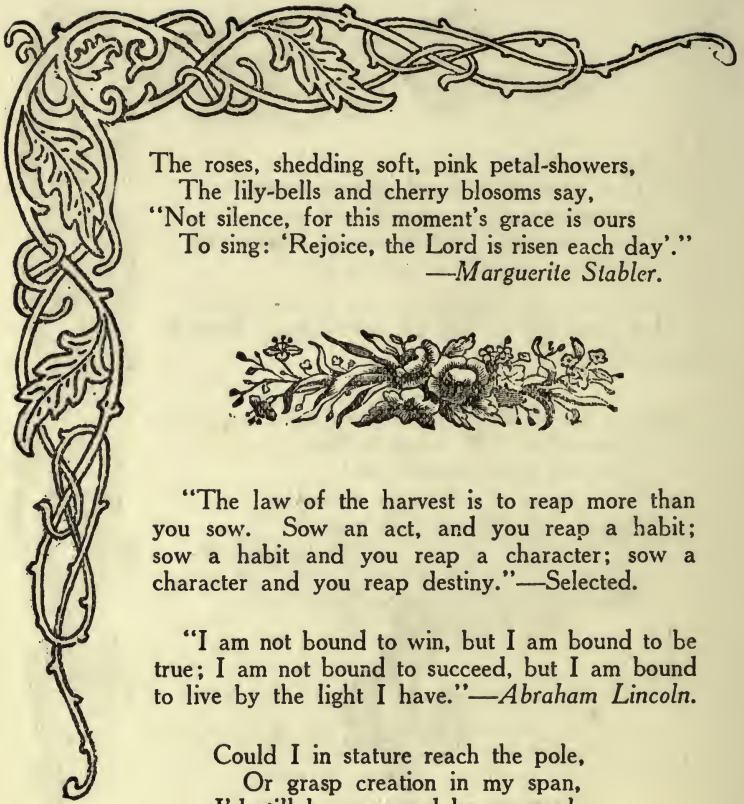
“Then nestle your hand in your Father’s
And sing if you can if you go,
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low.”

“Let your life be like the snowflake,— leave a
mark, but not a stain.”

If you would be loved be lovable.
Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate the unpardonable sin!
Who preaches otherwise than this
Betrays his Master with a kiss.
—*Longfellow.*



“Tired heart, God knows; go thou to work or
sleep.”



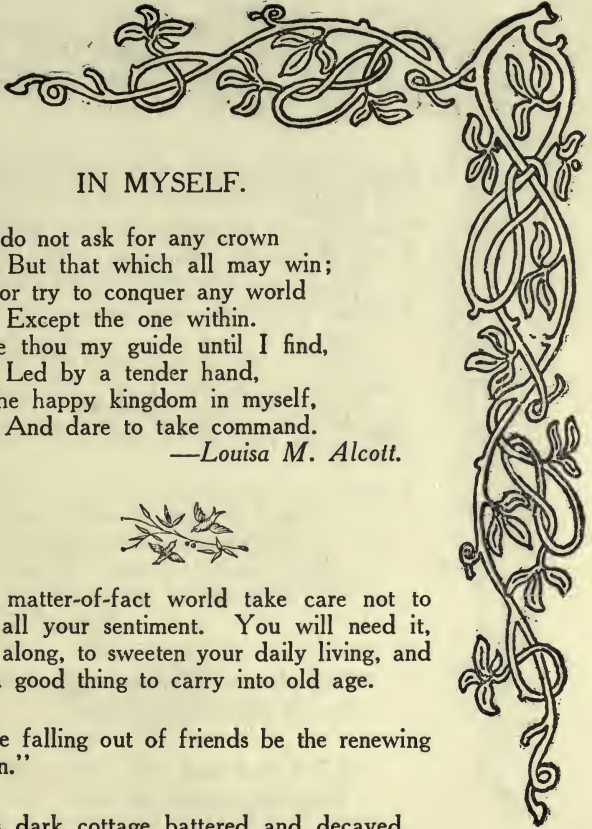
The roses, shedding soft, pink petal-showers,
The lily-bells and cherry blossoms say,
"Not silence, for this moment's grace is ours
To sing: 'Rejoice, the Lord is risen each day'."
—*Marguerite Stabler.*



"The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap destiny."—Selected.

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light I have."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Could I in stature reach the pole,
Or grasp creation in my span,
I'd still be measured by my soul;
The soul's the stature of the man.
—*Whittier.*



IN MYSELF.

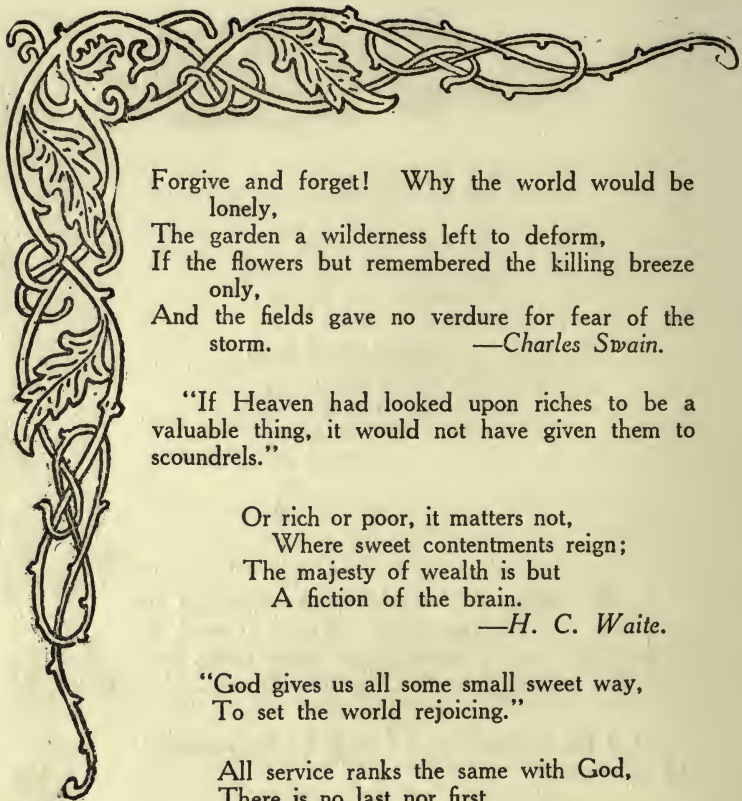
I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
The happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.
—*Louisa M. Alcott.*



In this matter-of-fact world take care not to part with all your sentiment. You will need it, as you go along, to sweeten your daily living, and it is also a good thing to carry into old age.

“Let the falling out of friends be the renewing of affection.”

The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
—*Waller.*



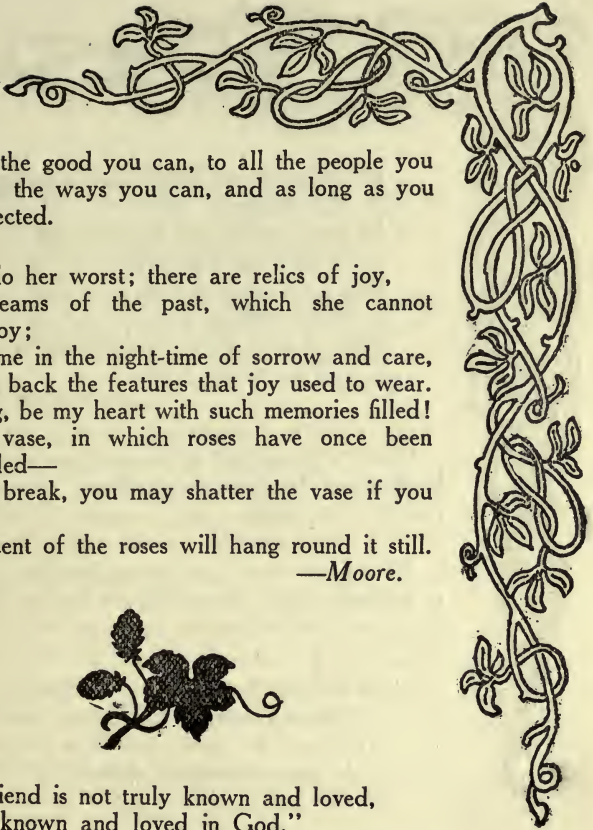
Forgive and forget! Why the world would be
lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remembered the killing breeze
only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the
storm.
—Charles Swain.

“If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a
valuable thing, it would not have given them to
scoundrels.”

Or rich or poor, it matters not,
Where sweet contentments reign;
The majesty of wealth is but
A fiction of the brain.
—H. C. Waite.

“God gives us all some small sweet way,
To set the world rejoicing.”

All service ranks the same with God,
There is no last nor first.
—Browning.



Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, in all the ways you can, and as long as you can.—Selected.

Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot
destroy;

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long, be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been
distilled—

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you
will,

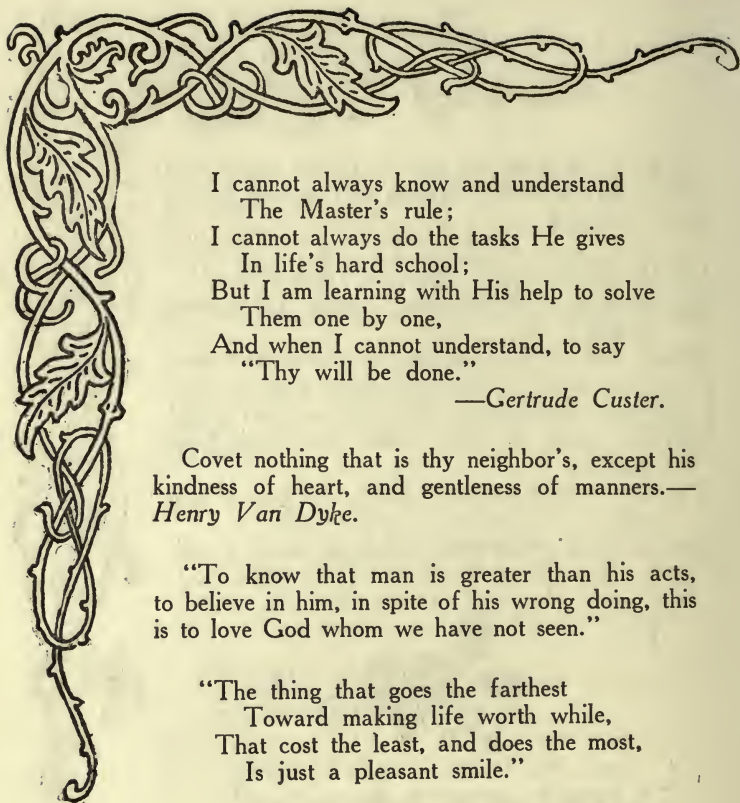
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—*Moore.*



“A friend is not truly known and loved,
Till known and loved in God.”

If we love those we lose, can we altogether lose
those we love?—*Thackeray.*



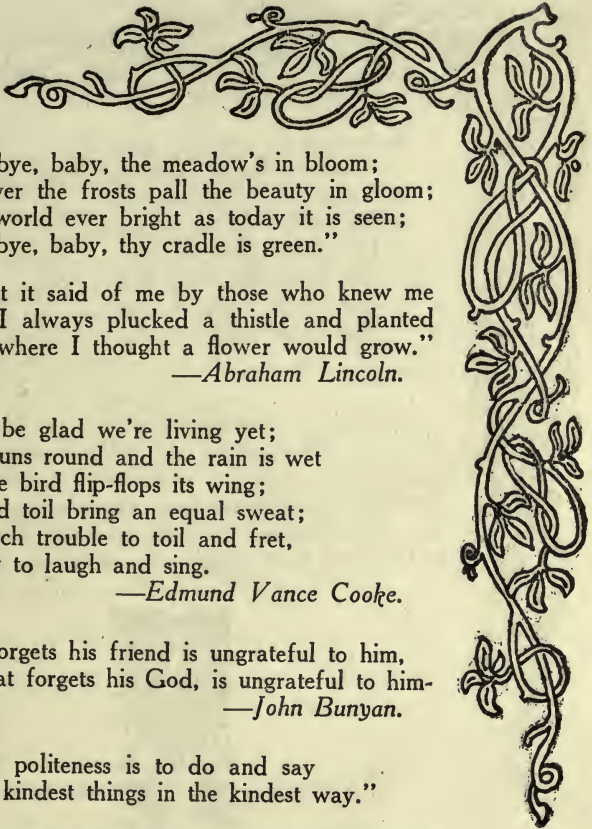
I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks He gives
In life's hard school;
But I am learning with His help to solve
Them one by one,
And when I cannot understand, to say
"Thy will be done."

—*Gertrude Custer.*

Covet nothing that is thy neighbor's, except his
kindness of heart, and gentleness of manners.—
Henry Van Dyke.

"To know that man is greater than his acts,
to believe in him, in spite of his wrong doing, this
is to love God whom we have not seen."

"The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That cost the least, and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile."



“Rock a bye, baby, the meadow’s in bloom;
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom;
Be thy world ever bright as today it is seen;
Rock a bye, baby, thy cradle is green.”

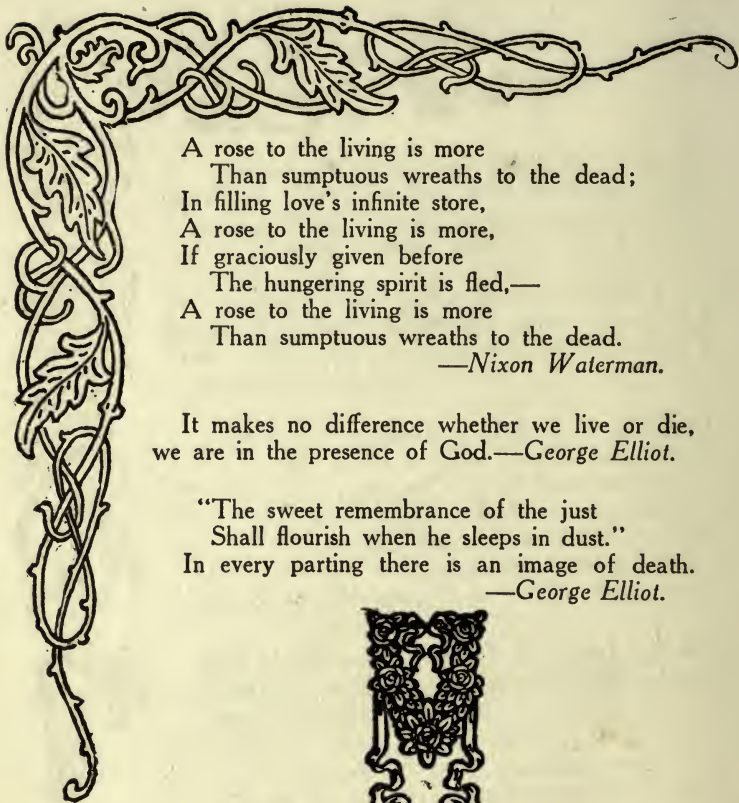
“I want it said of me by those who knew me
best that I always plucked a thistle and planted
a flower, where I thought a flower would grow.”
—*Abraham Lincoln.*

O, let us be glad we’re living yet;
The sun runs round and the rain is wet
And the bird flip-flops its wing;
Tennis and toil bring an equal sweat;
It’s so much trouble to toil and fret,
So easy to laugh and sing.
—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

He that forgets his friend is ungrateful to him,
But he that forgets his God, is ungrateful to him-
self.
—*John Bunyan.*

“True politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.”

“From the lowest depths there is a path to the
loftiest heights.”—*Carlyle.*



A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled,—
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

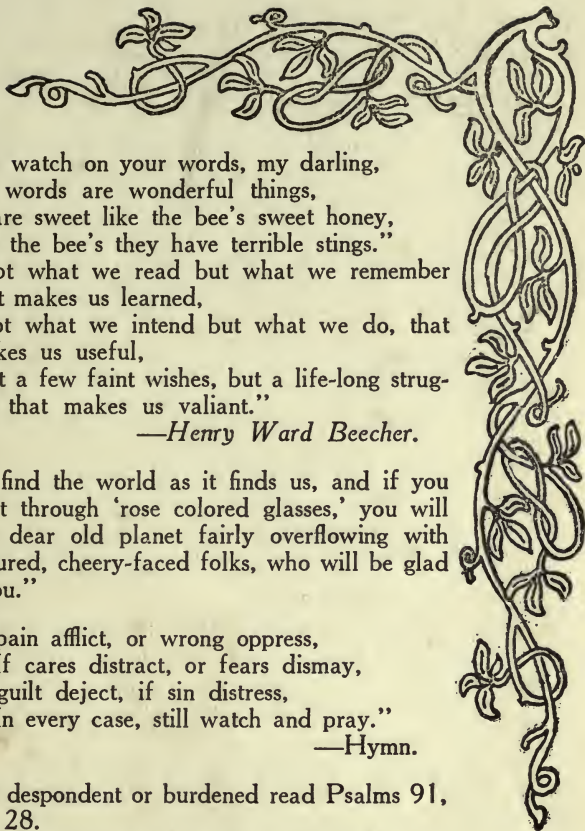
—*Nixon Waterman.*

It makes no difference whether we live or die,
we are in the presence of God.—*George Elliot.*

“The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.”
In every parting there is an image of death.
—*George Elliot.*



“I count myself in nothing else so happy as in
a soul remembering my good friends.”—*Shakespeare.*



“Keep a watch on your words, my darling,
For words are wonderful things,
They are sweet like the bee’s sweet honey,
Like the bee’s they have terrible stings.”

“It is not what we read but what we remember
that makes us learned,
It is not what we intend but what we do, that
makes us useful,
It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle
that makes us valiant.”

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

“We find the world as it finds us, and if you
look at it through ‘rose colored glasses,’ you will
find this dear old planet fairly overflowing with
good-natured, cheery-faced folks, who will be glad
to see you.”

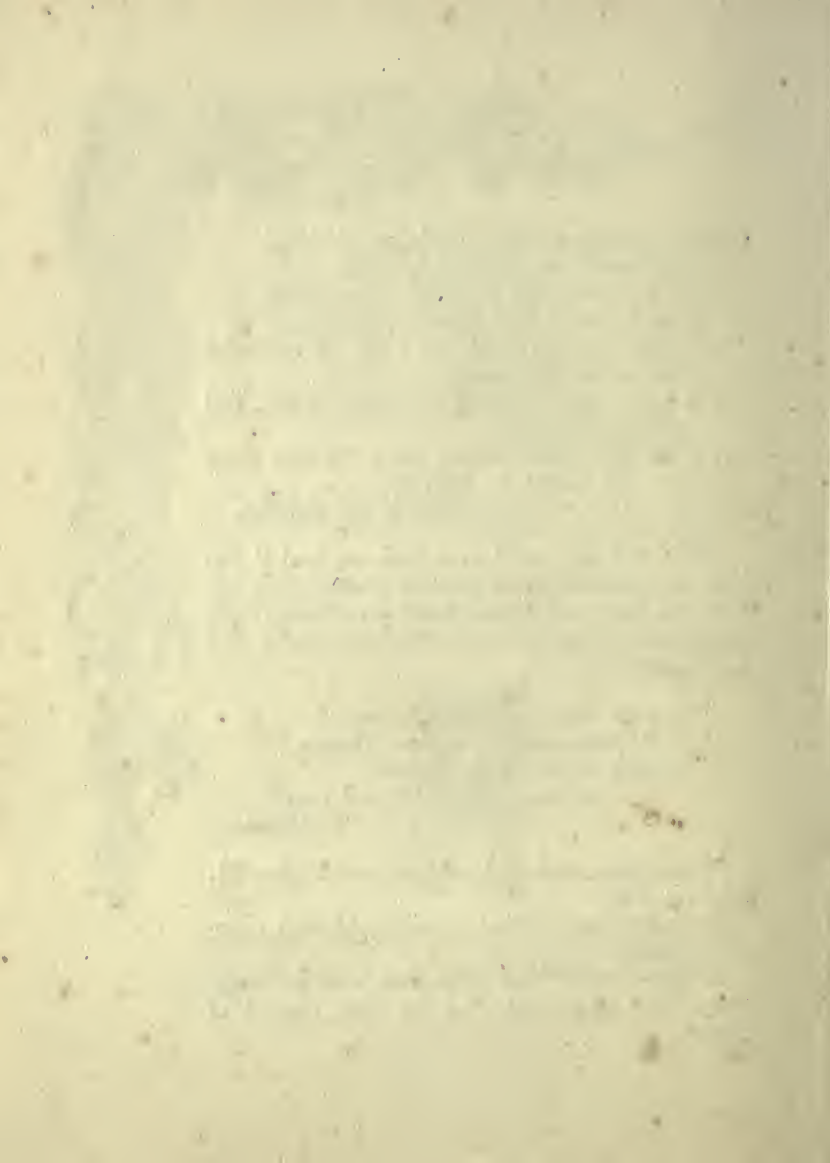
“If pain afflict, or wrong oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case, still watch and pray.”

—*Hymn.*

When despondent or burdened read Psalms 91,
25, 27, 28.

If people seem unkind, read the fifteenth chapter
of John.

If you cannot have your own way in every-
thing, keep silent and read the third chapter of
James.





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